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or One Dollan at the No subscriptions taken for a shorter time than six months, tunless payment is made in advance,) nor discontinued, until all arceara-

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30 oetru

The sweet and bewitching simplicity of the blowing lines is inimitable. From the Louisville Journal. HAVE A PAIR AND GENTLE PRIEND. Whose heart is pure, I ween, As ever was a maiden's heart At joyous seventeen,

Bhe dwells among us like a star That from its bowers of bliss Looks down, yet gathers not a stain From aught it sees in th's.

I do not mean that flattery Has ever reached her car, I only say its syren tong Has no effect on her, For she is all simplicity, A creature soft al mill -Though on the eve of womanhood, In heart a very child. And yet within the misty depths

Of her dark dreamy eyes, A shadowy something like deep thought, In tender sadness lies, For though her glance still shines as brigh As in her childish years, Its wildness and its lustre now Is softened down by tears -

Tears that steal not from hid lon springs. Of sorrow and regret, For none but lovely feelings In her gentle breast have met, For every tear that go no her eye From her young basem flows Like dem-drops from a golden try, Or sweetness from a rest.

For e'en in life's delicious spring Wooft have memorie That throw around our sunny hearts. A transient cloud of sight, At that sweet t'me is wrought,

When on the heart is softly laid A spell of deeper thought. And she has reached that lovely time, That sweet poetic age,

When to the eye each flo wret's leaf Sceme likes glowing page, For beauty and a mystery About the heart is thrown, When childhood's merry laughter y'a'da

I do not know if round her heart Love y t hath thrown his wing, I rather think she's like my se t, An Aprilahearted thing, I only know that she is fair, And loves me passing well, But who this gentle maid luis, 1 am not free to tell ...

Miscellany.

THE MINIATURE. A LEGEND OF LAKE GEORGE.

Among the persecuted christians who sought an asylum in the wilds of Ameriea, from the bigotry that raged in Great Britain, during the seventeenth century. was Matthew Huntington. In his native tand, he had long stood pre-eminent for those virtues which shoue forth as heacon lights in the darkness of that period, yet his subsequent history exists only in he tradition of an obscure village. had suffered much for his belief, and had borne all with the true spirit of a mar-

These were the days of horror, when the holy man of God wassaragged by the ruthless soldiery from his sanctuary, while praying with his little flock; when he praying with his little flock; when he gave up his spirit with calm resignation, as the creckling faggots blazed around him. When the poor peasant, while bending the suppliant knee beside the family after, sank baneath the sword of perution which had long been crimsoned with the blood of the ignocent and good .-From such scenes; Huntington had sought vain a secure retreat; for in those es the most retired glen among the ills was not beyond the spoiler's reach.
In had long cherished a plan of emigrating to this country, and having heard of the death of his only son, who had fallen ider the banner of Cromwell, he now termined to carry it into execution.

There was a gloom in the hamlet, when was known that the old man and his mily were to leave it Werever. At the ose of the day before their departure, the cottagers came to bid farewell to him had been to them all as a friend & ther. It was a solemn parting - a par-ig when the aged were not ashamed to



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which heaven smiles upon and blesses, and Huntington was not indifferent to on him on this occasion. There was a nother, however, who did not excite less interest in this scene, than himself, it was his only child, a lovely girl of sixteen summers; for often had Eilen gone to the humblest but of the costage, and with a kind hand administered to the wants of its inmates. We need not here attempt to describe the feeling of a young girl, when about to leave the friends and home of her youth for an unknown land; she sought to soothe their bitterness in the stillness of the night. It was a lovely eye of summer, the busy noise of the day had ceased, the husbandman whose seng had cheered him through the hours of la-

bor, now reposing in his vine covered

cot, and the flocks, whose blenting had

been heard upon the hills around, now

shared the universal silence of nature. When Ellen opened the wicker gate of the garden and strolled along its silent walks, she felt a sadness unknown to her before. But the evening wind, as it played among the trees, whose leaves glistened in the clear moonlight, the seothing murmur of the winding brook and the blithe carols of the nightingales, all seemed to have a tone of sympathy for her ear. The delicate flowers which she had so fondly cultivated, were in the perfection of their bloom. She gazed upon every object with an unusual fond-Every bower, tree, and shrub seemed invested with a talismanic charm, which called up a thousand rosy recollections of her childhood, and of the hours. of returnless bliss she had there spent with her brother. And as her mind wandered to the tented field, she though! of another, who, though not allied to her by the ties of kindred, now seemed dearer to ber than she had ever before imagined. He was a soldier in the service of Charles II. His father was an intimate friend of the king, and at the open ing of the war against the usurper, both he and his son joined the royal army, the one as a general and the other as a minor officer. Henry while on his duty, had received a letter from Ellen, the purport of which might easily be imagined, and although be could not believe that her

upon her mind, still lingared in the garden. The deep tones of the distant ab bey clock tolled the hour of midnight, its notes had not yet died away among the hills, when approaching footsteps were heard. She shrank back as a plumed cavalier emerged from the shade; but a well known voice soon dispelled her fears. Having embraced each other with a coidiality that bespoke a near attachment, Henry broke the silence. . Well, Ellen, this trick of you." our prought me from my post; but duty often grants a furlough to love."

intentions to leave the country were serious, he started for his father's man-

"No Harry, I would not trifle with you in this manner, to morrow we embark at Hythe, for America."
Oh, what feelings rushed on her mind

when realizing her own situation and that of her lover. She could say no more; but there was an eloquence in the tear which glistened on the dark lashes of her down cast eye, that plainly spoke the language of her heart.

"But," replied Henry, with warm feeling, "not till our mutual hopes have been consumated; surely your father can no longer persist in his opposition to our union; his days are numbered: in a few years he will be gathered to his fathers, and you le't without a friend or protector. Come then this very night to the altareven then you may accompany him to the western world, where you will be beyond the reach of that outrage and cruelty, from which not even the aged or innocent are here secure; go, I will join you at the close of the war, and try to supply in his heart the place once filled by his son."

Ellen heard the pleadings of his affec-tion with mingled pleasure and regret; but she seemed anxious to unbosom herself of some thought that haunted her mind. After a painful suspense, as if dreading the she tenderly replied, "My father will never yield my hand to one whom he says has slain his only son!"

At these words Henry started back as f some dark and dreadful thought was passing in his mind; but it was not the oang of remorse: soon rallying his firmer feelings he replied, "I had hoped that this melancholy tale would never have reached your father's ears: he was already exasperated with me for en listing under the banner which has been stained with the blood of the puritans. But my duty to my sovereign and father demanded it. True, your brother fell by my hand: our chargers met in the field of battle, our swords clashed in the combat, and not till the fatal blow was given, did Luccognize my early friend, the brother of my Ellen. What were my feelings, when I reflected on the deed I had comthe sincere benediction of the poor, ebbing tide of life -it was too late? But ebbing tide of life -it was too late? But

as he pillowed his dying bend in these arms his last look was full of forgiveness and heavan will bear witness to my innocence? "Henry I know your heart too well to believe it would be guilty of such a crime,

but my fatt er is immoveable!" We shall not undertake to describe their parting: such scenes are not for the cold eye of the world to witness. Love, like hope, is of on most ardent when all around is despair and gloom-thus, when these lovers could but dumly foresce the time when they might be united, they pledged more strongly their mutual vows of constancy. They sarted-Henry for the army, and Elica for the western world.

As the sun rose on the morros, his a ship fast dareering better an castle breeze. On its deck there stood a lady -her tearful eyes were gazing on the hills now fast receding in the distance with that melancholy fondness which we feel when looking for the last time upon the countenance of a friend about to be borne from us forever. The past was bright like those dear hills behind her bark," whilst all before was dark and cheerless as the raging ocean which spread far away to the westward. She was now on a perilous voyage, at the end of which the welcome of no friends awaited her; and as the dark waves hid the highlands of her native sale, she felt like the poor captive when his prison door shuts out forever the light of heaven.

After a short but tempestuous voyage, they arrived at Boston, Here, instead of the smiling land of promise, which them had anticipated as the bourn of their long and dangerous pilgrimage, they saw be-fore them a wilderness inhabited only by savage tribes, whose depredations were then exciting much alarm among the colonists, Huntington was among the little band who settled in the southwestern part of Vermont at or near where now is situnted the beautiful town of Bennington. He however removed himself some distance from the settlement: the place fixed upon for his residence was a wild and romantic little valley on the west side of the Green Mountains. It was a fit spot for the old puritan to repair to, to spend the remainder of his life, far from the world and all its troubles and to enjoy that peace which he had long but valuely and in the land of his fathers. Its sidence had never been broken, save by t

sounds of nature, or by the Indian as he purtued his game which fled hither for security in its unexplored depths. High hills rose on all sides, to shut it out from those scenes which mark the abiding place of man. These were thickly covered trees, clothed in all the variegated beauty of a New Englad forest in autumn, The curling smoke, which is the only guide to a human habitation in the deep forest was no where to be seen. On a distant hill the eye might trace a brook, which bounded over the cliffs in a beautiful cascade, as if eager to revel with the flowery meads, or to repose after its wandering in the quiet little lake, which slept as tranquilly in the bosom of the valley, as an infant in its mother's arms. On a hill which sloped down to its still waters, was raised the dwelling of Huntington, Tiere he enjoyed the solitude of the forest-it was congenial to that religion for which he had sacrificed many interests. While Ellen was happy in finding herself mis. tress of a neat and comfortable cottage, her books and her harp were the only companions she wished : but often she would ramble with her favorite dog thro' the woods to listen to the songs of the birds, and to gather the wild flowers which were scattered in profusion along her path. Often, too, seated in a light skiff she would float over the lake to view the sandy bottom and watch the playful fish as they darted in the depths beneath. Indeed, in the romantic scenery of nature there was enough to have excited her admiration blways, but even this situation

was to have its sad reverse. A year rolled by and found them the quiet possessors of their secladed abode; but soon after there was an excitement among the settlers in this vicinity, on account of the devastations and cruelty of the Indians, The husbandman, as he toiled in the clearing, kept his rifle near, and the hunter seldom ventured along a new and unknown path ; but often as he returned from his daily labor, instead of beholding in the distance the lighted window of his hut, saw nothing but a smoking heap of ruins, and searched in vain for his wife and children, who, perhaps, had fallen beneath the tomahawk and scalping knife. Yet amidst all these depredations the dwelling of Huntingdon remained unmolested. The Indian, as remained unmolested. he passed by the door of the christian, had received many favors from his hands : upon his hearth he rested from the chase and smoked the pipe of peace. Among these who often shared his haspitality. was the aged sachem Conduct. His locks had been whitened by the frosts of many winters-he compared himself to an old oak, his top bearing the marks of approaching decay, which, after having ficient of their language to converse with wrestled many years with the tempest, at his guest; and when they rested from

th was yielded to its fury-that, like would soon fall beneath the weight years, when his spirit would take its but to the pleasant bunting grounds in west, whether his fathers had already as. The chief was a firm friend, and and often aforted the intended destrucdenceless family. tion of the t

Ellen, das ag this time, bad heard nothing of her lover. She already feared belind shaud the fate of her brother, om his own hand soon rebut a letter moved all saxiety. He informed her that he had ande the necessary arranges ments for his departure, and would pro-publy sail for traction in a few days. The lovely girl to her couch that night an since she buil left

the by a sound that was ner dreum. warwhoop of the Indians! They had surpounded the dwelling into which they were endeavoing to force their way.— The old man wared not—but with the apirit which characterized the early set. tiers of New England, encouraged his little house; held in resisting to the last moment, Bo all was useless the bloodbound is not more fierse for carnage than the Indian warrior. Resistance only in creased their firy: a vol ey of balls pass-ed though the window and the old man fell! His augmen, as she ran to him, saw with disnay the blood upon his cleached locks she was supporting him in her arms—her tear drops mingling with the pulple streams that cozed from nounced their entrance into the house. her dark trease in his swarthy hand-their richness caught his gaze—his horrid scalping thike gleamed before her forehead—but as she turned her eyes, awimming in tears of grief for her dying father, upon his dark brow, he relented. The savage, though pity was a rare visite ant in his bosom, could not injure one so lovely, he rudely tore her f. om the corpse of the old man, and the house was soon enveloped is flames: Who can imagine her feelings upon finding herself the only survivor of this awful tragedy, when looking back upon her home, the funeral pile of her father, as it gleaned frightfully upon the dark forest and plazad snow. and when ant cipating with fearful doubt the destiny which agained her? Her

there was no bje to attempt a There was no hope of receiving help from the surrounding inhabitants; for as they strayed that way and beheld the rain they would indoubtedly conclude that none could have escaped.

Ellen was borne into captivity by a race whom sle had learned to look upon as beings meriless as the wild beasts of the forests. Among that group of dark browed men, none wore an expression of kindness; not an eye was dimmed with a tear of sympathy; but they gazed with dim ferocity upon their helpless prisoner. She prayed for mercy to hearts that knew not its meaning - to hearts that were as inexorable as death.

Those who came down to the spot which to half smoot, saw nothing but a heap of half consumed timbers, which told the fate of the family! and the stain of blood on the snow, and the thick prints of the greedy wolves as they crowded around the dwelling, and here and there a white lock trampled beneath their feet. They thought all had perished; but at a distance from the house, was discovered the track of a feet too de-

was discovered the track of a foct too delicate for the Indian hunter; they were
not at a loss to pronounce it Ellen's, but
the snow being hard, it was difficult to
pursue that trail; the pursuit was therelore fruitles. Months rolled by, and all
was dark respecting the fate of the fair
captive. In the mean time Henry arrived at Boston; but instead of meeting
her whom he loved, he heard the melancholy tale of her capture by the Indians.
But the affliction which ne had cherished
so long and "tough so many vicissitudes
was not to be quenched now; his chivalrous spirit was too familiar with danger
to be overcome with despair! He visited to be overcome with despair! He visited the valley where she and her father had dwelt-thee he vowed to find her or her grave, and avenge her wrongs ! Habit. ing himself in the garb of a scout, and with no protection but his trusty rifle, he pursued his lonely journey through the forest. Yet long he wandered in vain. None of the Indians whom he met during many days, could give him any informa-tion of the object of their search. Near lake George, however, he met an Indian whose friendship he conciliated by presents and favors. The friendship of an Indian knows no bounds. They hunted tegether frequently, and in his cabin he found a welcome and hospitality which had often been denied him at the door of

the white man has slept as secure in that
the linear, whom we have introduced
to our reasers, had held considerable intercourse with the settlers, and spoke suf-

the chase, he often would entertain him with reciting his exploits-tales that made the blood chill in the veins-of the midnight attack, when the cries of the belpless infant and its imploring mother were silenced by the blood-stained toma hawk. One of these narrations had for him a deep and peculiar interest—of the attack, in the night, upon the dwelling of an old man situated in a valley near a small lake, which was surrounded by hills so high, that the light of the burning so high, that the light of the burning house could not be seen beyond them-of the death of the old man and the cap-ture of his daughter. Henry soon knew from the description, that this was a part of the history which he was ab anxious to uncavel. He asked him to describe the

simple language of the childer the torest.

"She is called stabula - (the white dove)-for her eye is as gentle as that of the dove-her voice, as she sings in the wood, sweeter than the thrush. She dwells in the wigwam of Conduca, who had known her when she was taken by his son, Taconquet. Our daughters weave the rich wampuin for her breast, and sew the beaded moccasins for her feet; and the young men bring her the gay plumes of the forest birds for her head. Yet the color fades from her cheek, as the rosy tint from vonder cloud ! Next moon will be the great feast of the harvest, when she will be given to Taconquet - the young engle-whose tootstep is as that of the bounding buck-he springs like the panther on his prey, and his

warwhoop is death!",

Henry heard this tale with emotions of joy and painful suspense, and had no doubts con-cering the identity of the fair subject of this description. He determined to have an in-terview, and only a few days had clapsed before an opp runity presented isself. He was hunting a deer on the shores of the lake, when he heard the notes of the Æolian harper-it was a female voice, chanting a plain-tire air. Stealing enutiously towards the spot from which it rose, he saw the form of a girl dressed in the constant of an Indian maiden. She was leaving her head upon her arm, appa rently gazing at some object on the lakethe wind lifted the tresses from her neck, is a alabaster whiteness beapoke her lineage. — He soon recognised the song as a ballad of his native land, to which he had often listenel with delight, in bygone days.

It seemed to him like the music of a dream, the a, ell of which he feared would break too

soon. As the music ceased, the singer raised her head, an Henry recognised his long lost, long loved Ellen! His first impulse was to neeing a came advancing upon the lake, he meeing a came advancing upon the lake, he included the random of such an not, and immediately determined to leave her for the present, and seek his dark companion. He soon found him in earnest conversation with a young and sately lidian. The attention of Henry was struck with a noble look of the latter, his form was the masterpiece of nature

latter, his form was the masterpiece of nature and his majestic bearing and stately movements, plainly indicated the undaunted firmmess of his nature.

It was Taconquet, the young warrior to whom his Ellen doubtless against her own will, was soon to be united. Yes! there side by side stood the young rivals, unknown to sale other! As their eves met neither qualieach other! As their eyes met neither quail-ed -but each scanned the other with a suspicious scrutiny. Henry was now obliged to call into action all his self-command, he knew his first object was to gain the favor of this young chief, and addressed him there-fore (through his interpreter) as a b-other, whose only wish was friendship and peace. thus much acquainted with a chief, to offer thus much acquainted with a cher, to oner him some trifling presents, at this moment Henry formed a plan, which (if carried into execution) he fosully hoped would succeed. He therefore exhibited several trinkets, which were calculated to please the rude taste of his new companion. While the attention of the latter was engaged with these. Henry drew from his bosom her own Minia-ture; and knowing well that if given to Taconquet, it would go to Ellen, he hastily engraved a line upon the case and threw it down among the articles he had before pro-duced. The chief was delighted with the thing, and Henry generously gave it to him.
The unsuspecting Indian hastened with
the present to Attalulah. The scream of

joy with which it was received, pleased his vanity for he ignorantly attributed it to her delight. It was delight—but there was some thing associated with that delight which h was unable to interpret-something as dear She read these words, written by a we

snown hand—"On the chace of the lake, to night at the setting of the moon." With what a sudden transition did her feelings rise from despair, when reflecting upon the propitious providence which had brought her own Henry thus to be her deliverer! He not only knew her situation, but was that very night to rescue her from the hand of him to whom she was to be given.

With impatience she looked forward to

With impatience she looked forward to their meeting and her liberation. Time never moved with her more heavily than it did upon that day. Evening came, and Ellen fearlessly sought the place of interview.—When she had gained the spot, all around was still—the lake slept in calm beauty, unroffled by a breath of sir, and in its blue waters were reflected the cloudless beavens—the bright stars glistened like gems in their depths, and the silvery moon looked down with a smile upon her image in beauty mirrored there. All upon the shores lay dark and still beneath the shadows of the overhanging trees—it was to her as the silence of and still beneath the shanging trees—it was to her as the silence of the tomb! Doubt and anxiety gradually took possession of her heart—she startles at every falling rock, and in every attring leaf she falling rock, and hears the approaching enemy—the form, wa-ving its head to the low but fitful zephyr, be-comes to her pictoing gaze the Indian's plume, and the wild acream of the owl, his war whoop. But her fears were not altegeth-

She he'rs the same sound which woke het father from his lest slumber, and knows that her escape is discovered. And there she stands, trembling as when the hunted fawn, in the tangled forest, hears the deep bay of the knowed pressing last upon its track and at first it appears like the lonely swan, now, as it approaches, the paddles glister the moon light—it is the bark of her loy The mose is just sinking behind the hills, and the dark shadows o'er cast the shore-sho waves her white handkerchief, and the loves spies her retreat. In an instant, the beat, with Henry and his Indian friend, is upon

the shore.

The long, loud war whoop of the Indiana makes the hills resound! They have reached -as the amoke rolls away, Henry and Ellen are still seen unhart, but their Indian guide

by to many unhappy reverses had occurrely, ed, was there realized. Henry Houghton, after hiving been edga-ged in the busin as of an active life for many

years, wisned to retire to some secluded re-treat. At the ri quest of his wife, he created a noble marsion upon the spot where many years before had shoot her lathers dwelling. Here they long enjoyed that peace and plen ty which had been denied the old puritan.

I his stone mountain still stands in a roman. tic valley near Bennington. Reside its hearth we lately had the pleasure of listening to the above tale, as told by a young Vermont girl, who were suspended on her nick the ministers of Ellen, with it she has inherited no small share of the beauty which we judge was possessed by the fair original. H.

INDIAN TRAITS.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, we were in our trading house at the mouth of the Torre Bleuo, and the Sparrowhawk and his people were encamped beside of It changed that in conversation we ad dressed him by the title of 'brother,' which beemed to please him highly. 'It shall be so,' said he, shaking us warmly by the hand, 'it shall be so.' Now, be it knows that it is the custom of the Dahcotshs to adopt comrades or brethren, and very frequently this honor is conferred or white men, and serves as a bond of affection and protection between the parties and their families. Traders often find the advantages of this custom. Among that wild people, many a man has owed his life to it. A lean dog (he had not better) was knocked on the head, singed in the fire, and consigned to the kettle. It was our first dog feast, and we could not decline taking it without much offence, not that canine venison is so very had either, when early prejudice is worn away, as we have learned by suband gluey, to be sure, but still it is little and gluey, to be sure, but shill it is little worse than tough matton. Besides, it is a feast of honor, only given to distinguished guests, and surely honor ought not to go for nothing.
We are and smoked, and thereby ac-

quired all the right of near blood relation to the chief's family. Nothing was too good for us. A year afterwards we starthave split the rocks of Greenland, and the Sparrowhawk's nephew followed us for ten miles in order to add to our comfort by the gift of a gallant black horse. He flung the bridle, shook hands, and walked off without staying for thanks or remuneration. The said nephew was named Ishtakhumbah, or Sleepy Eye, a noble lellaw of a milior chief over Greet mighand as straight as one of his own arrows.

One day, while yet in the pride of his streng h, as the Sparrowhawk was visiting his traps, he caught a Chippeway in the very uct of stealing a beaver from one of them. This was one of the born and worn foes of his race. The chief cock . ed his gun, and the thief, being unarmed, bared his breast to his inevitable fate, Indian-like. The Dancotah was moved to pity and dropped his muzzle. Poor man, said he. ' you must be wary hungry to do so unbecoming an action! Yes, your wife and little ones must be starvng. Take the beaver-take the trap -take my gun, and go feed your family. And the noble chief walked away, leaving his reprieved for in utter stonishment.

Eight soldiers treated his wife with excessive brutality, but he would hat complain to the commanding officer. He was father himself, he said, and he would not wound his white father's heart so much as to tell him that he had such wicked children.

At a meeting of the Baptist Society for promoting the gospel in Ireland, the Rev. M, Fisher related the following auecdote as illustrated of Irish Luxury: 11 was much amused (said Mr; E.) with our brother M'Carthy; he is thorough Irish, letter and sprit. When I was with him in Ireland, I asked what he chiefly lived npon?-'O," said he, we have plenty of potatoes." "How often do you eat them?" said I. "Only fourtimes a day," was the reply.—"I have ten acres of potatoes for my family, and we all ent 'em' cows, hores, sheep, pigs and children."
"Dont you tunk," said I, "there is very little variety in this diet? "Not at all,